

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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STEPHEN HELLER.

We are again compelled, by press of important matters, to postpone the continuation of these articles.

CORBARI.

THE following paragraph has appeared in almost all the papers:—

"Grisi, Mario, and Corbari will leave St. Petersburg on the 17th inst., and arrive in London about the 28th. They do not sing, as has been announced, at any intermediate places."

Grisi and Mario, it is true, will arrive at the end of the present month; but, as we have already stated to our readers, Corbari does not come to England this season, not being engaged either at Her Majesty's Theatre, or at the Royal Italian Opera. *Tant pis pour tous les deux.*

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

A PARAGRAPH has gone the round of the American press, to the following effect:—

"Leopold de Meyer, who created such a *furor* in this country, is said to be completely disabled. No longer able to play the piano, he is now leader of a small provincial military band in Italy."

There is not one word of truth in this, nor the shadow of a foundation for the report.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment opened, according to promise, on Tuesday evening, with Mayer's opera of *Medea*, revived for Madlle. Parodi, and a new ballet for Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, called *Les Metamorphoses*. The house was full in every part, aristocracy and fashion predominating among the audience.

That *Medea* was a highly popular opera in its day is well known. That its popularity was chiefly indebted to the genius of Pasta is verified by the fact of its having been altogether laid aside since the retirement of that great tragedian and singer from the London Italian stage, the scene of her latest exertions. That, independent of the *prestige* it obtained by these means, the opera of *Medea* would be now unremembered, even by name, was, we think, pretty clearly shown on Tuesday night, in the face of Madlle. Parodi's undoubted talent, and other excellent points in the performance.

The little periodical brochure entitled *The Opera Box*, which again appears as an agreeable synopsis *raisonné* of the evening's entertainments, gives the following interesting particulars, which will serve, better than anything we could say, to explain all that is necessary to be explained about the *libretto* of *Medea*:—

"The *Medea* of Euripides—the tragedy on which all subsequent dramatic versions of the story are founded—was first performed at Athens, together with the lost plays of *Philoctetes*, *Dictys*, and *Messores*, in the year B. C. 431. By these four plays Euripides gained the third prize.

"In the Greek *Medea* Jason marries Glauca, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. Medes, highly indignant at being deserted by a man who is

under such great obligations to her, is ordered by Creon to quit his dominions; she, however, obtains permission to remain at Corinth for a single day, and is promised an asylum at Athens, by *Ægeus*. Having thus secured a retreat, she determines to avenge herself on Creon, Jason, and Glauca. Pretending to submit to her doom with patience, she sends Glauca a crown and robe, which being impregnated with a deadly poison, destroy the bride in a most fearful manner. Creon, who embraces his daughter, shares her fate. Medea then kills her children, after a struggle between her love for them, and her hatred of Jason, and at the end she makes her escape in a chariot given her by the sun.

"This argument scarcely differs at all from that of the Italian *libretto*. The love of *Ægeus* for the daughter of Creon, and his appearance as an open defender of *Medea*, are the only variations of importance.

"The substitution of the name of '*Creusa*' for that of '*Glauca*,' which is adopted by the Italian poets, was made by Seneca, in his tragedy of *Medea*. The story, as treated by this Latin poet, does not materially differ from that of Euripides."

A more unhuman subject could hardly be dealt with, and nothing but the finest dramatic genius could elevate it into musical interest and importance. This was not possessed by John Simon Mayer, or Mayr, born at Mendorf,* in 1763.

It may be presumed, from its having outlived its seventy-six brethren,† that the opera of *Medea* was equally the best and the most celebrated dramatic composition of Mayer. We have a right, therefore, to build our opinion of its merits upon the materials thus placed at our disposal. It is plain that Mayer was not a genius, and as plain that he was not a very profound musician. Still the long habit of writing had enabled him, at the period when *Medea* came from his pen, to compose with ease—evidence of which is given in the fluency with which he sets down the prevalent common-places of his time, and moulds them into forms, which, though artless, are rarely impeachable. There is also a good flow of tune, if not a decided originality of melody, throughout the work. Add to these a knowledge of the most effective way of writing for voices, and a method of scoring for the orchestra at once clear and brilliant, and we have adduced enough to render Mayer's reputation during his life-time no longer an enigma. The surest means of obtaining a temporary celebrity are derived from that facility of presenting common-places in an agreeable form which we have said Mayer possessed, and which he most likely acquired from his long residence in Italy, the Italian musicians, from all time, having been the chief masters of this ephemeral school. But that which makes popularity endure beyond a certain period, and brings with it the assurance of immortality—too often the recompense for a long neglect—was not possessed by Mayer. Nevertheless he must not be classed among those to whom the art owes, and can possibly owe, nothing—of whom in the present age we have so many illustrious examples. Mayer was a composer of merit, though not of genius; he pleased almost universally, and though he rarely elevated his art he certainly did not debase it—and this is higher praise than many can lay claim to.

* A small hamlet in Bavaria.

† Mayer is said to have composed seventy-seven operatic works.

The best portions of the *Medea*, in our opinion, are the recitatives, which are always natural and sometimes noble. The choruses are weak and colourless; the airs and duets have much of the character of the modern Italian school, barely concealed under the already antiquated style of melody of which they are made up. The overture is an ordinary production, though superior, we believe, to the generality of contemporary works of the sort. The overtures of the Italian school, then as now, were by no means famous. In the instrumental accompaniments of the *Medea* there is a plainness which amounts to monotony; it is true they are well written, but they offer few proofs of ingenuity, and none of a feeling for rich combination or striking effects of contrast. Where Mayer has most completely failed is in the more terrible scenes of the drama—the despair of Medea; her invocation to the spirits of darkness, when she poisons the robe for Creusa; the scene with her children, destined to be murdered by her hands; and her flight on the dragon—to these, which Gluck would have made impressive and Mozart sublime, Mayer has given little intensity, and but a pale and sickly colour, which by no means atones for the translation of the verse of the Greek Euripides into doubtful Italian doggerel.

The performance of *Medea*, on Tuesday, had, as we have said, some excellent points, foremost among which was the evident and great improvement of Madlle. Parodi. Whether this clever young artist has been tutored in the part by her mistress, Pasta, or by the impulses of her own feeling, it little matters. There was that in her acting which raised her far above the common herd, and stamped her indisputably as a genius. Her gestures, always dignified and natural, were sometimes of the highest order of classic beauty, and her general conception of the part was equally impressive and true. In her singing, Madlle. Parodi has made so great an advance that we are apt to believe she must have zealously employed her time during the recess. Where before there was hesitation, there is now the most pleasant certainty; the high notes are clearer and more powerful, the intonation is more uniformly correct, the execution more energetic and brilliant than before—a result of the confidence which invariably accrues from a good method of delivery, a requisite in which Madlle. Parodi was manifestly deficient last season, but which she now appears to be rapidly acquiring. The impression she produced upon the audience, who gave her a hearty welcome, was unanimously favourable. She was recalled, with Calzolari, in the "grand" duet, "Ah d'un alma generosa" (original type of the *Semiramide* duets)—where Medea and Ægeus lay out their plans for revenge on Jason—and made several other hits during the opera, especially in the first act. Towards the end of the second act she lost a little of her power, and did not seem quite so much at home in the music. But this will be remedied after another performance.

Calzolari was an excellent Egeus; but his singing was sufficiently attractive, we think, without the necessity of introducing a modern *cavatina*, to show the audience, what the audience, already knew, that he was a thorough master of roulades. Belletti's Creonte was unexceptionable throughout. Nothing could be more correct and artistic than his singing. Both these favourites of last year were well received. Signor Micheli, a *débutant*, appeared as Jason. His chief characteristic is an animation of gesture which belongs to the Duprez school. Signor Micheli did his best with the music. His voice is a tenor, not powerful. He has yet to acquire the favour of the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, which we hope he may succeed in obtaining. Madame Gialiani was labouring under a cold; but she played the part of Creusa, daughter of

Creonte, very nicely, and sang the music, though not too loudly, gracefully. The small part of Tideo, Creonte's confidant, and the smaller part of Iemene, Creusa's confidant, were confided to Sig. Dai Fiori and Madlle. Malpasuta—the latter a *débutante*, the former an old acquaintance. The children of Medea were played by real children; but the little darlings did not assume the semblance of terror, when their mother is about to immolate them to her wrath, with sufficient reality.

The orchestra was good—nay better. Balfe's appearance was hailed by loud and long continued plaudits from every part of the theatre (not forgetting the orchestra)—a sign that his reinstatement in the office which he holds with such ability, and which it was feared he would abandon this season, was the cause of unanimous satisfaction. Mr. Balfe's abilities were manifested in a remarkable manner during the performance of the opera. In addition to the usual decision and judgment that always mark his beating, when any of the singers were out (and that was occasionally) Balfe sang their parts for them so well, that, except ourselves and the "Lions," nobody knew anything was wanting.

In spite of Madlle. Parodi's success, and the other attractions of the opera—among which not the least are the classic *tableaux* from the pencil of Mr. Marshall, so severely simple and so appropriate to the drama—*Medea* is not likely to endure. Its former popularity is not to be revived, even were a new Pasta to appear, with a new Rubini to support her.

After the opera all the artists appeared before the curtain. The curtain then rose again, discovering the entire company, who at once gave vent to their loyalty in the strains of the National Anthem. The solos were delivered by the principals; we care not to remember the precise manner of their distribution.

The new *ballet* was thoroughly successful, and never was success better deserved. The *ballet* itself is a light and ephemeral production, but it was the framework for some fanciful and exquisite *tableaux*, in which Carlotta—Carlotta Grisi—was the principal and animating figure. With such an object before him, with such an artist in view, it was natural that M. Paul Taglioni, the skilful ballet-master of Her Majesty's Theatre should put forth all his strength, and succeed beyond all his former successes. We borrow from the *Opera Box* a synopsis of the argument of *Les Métamorphoses*, as we borrowed from it the argument of the *Medea*.

"The plot of this ballet is founded upon one of those old Teutonic legends that seem a natural growth of the picturesque 'Fatherland,' and of the peculiar mystic and dreamy spirit of its inhabitants. Karl, a student and an enthusiast, has made himself an abode amongst the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg. He divides his time between love and study—his betrothed, Ida, and learning—each with him, is equally a passion. Not satisfied with literature, sacred and profane, he has passed the bounds of hallowed knowledge, and has endeavoured to dive into the mysteries of the shadowless beings of perdition. One of those good-humoured elfs or sprites, who mix, invisible, in the haunts of men, and laugh at their follies, discovers the peculiar tendency of Karl's mind, and determines to disgust him with the dangerous pursuit, by a practical exemplification of the evils of magic power. Assuming every shape in turn, he makes the student fall in love with him, in the form of a lady; he renders him furious from jealousy, by making love to his betrothed, in the shape of a handsome gallant officer, &c., &c. And thus, thanks to a little wholesome mischief, Karl is corrected, and becomes wise and happy at last."

Fancy, reader—fancy Carlotta, the incarnation of good natured mischief, representing the person, and feigning the gambols, of this half malicious, half benevolent elf. That she did it to perfection you will readily believe; but as she did so many things quite new, and, as we previously thought, out of her particular line, we feel called upon to explain them at length.



In the first scene the sprite—Carlotta—is discovered in the study of Karl (M. Paul Taglioni), conning over some mystic and unfathomable folio. Doubtless he has arrived at the passage which has taught him to penetrate into the secret of his *protegee*, Karl, whom he loves to torture. He tears away the leaf, and bounding from the table, disappears. The dress of Carlotta in this scene, which she acts with infinite *aplomb*, is that of a page. She looks like the prettiest *gamin* that ever imagined mischief, and answered the hearty recognition of the audience by a nod of the head, which seemed to say—"Ah! you know me, do you—although this is the first time you ever saw me in male attire?" When she vanished, with the magic leaf, she seemed to melt into the air like some white ghost. No one could tell which way she disappeared.

Karl comes back, and first takes up his book, and then thinks of his betrothed, his Ida, and then resumes his book, and is about to study its contents, when in rush a boisterous band of masquers, who, with music and dance, strive to force the solitary student into joining their revelry. In vain. Karl is dreaming of Ida, his beloved—his betrothed—and his dream is mixed with visions of supernatural power and the world of spirits. The masquers leave him to his *reverie*, which is, however, suddenly interrupted by a phantom—a female in a mask and domino, who appears upon the landing place, holding a candle in her hand. The current has extinguished the light, and the domino indicates, by hesitating gestures, her wish to have it re-illuminated. Karl, in mute astonishment, obeys. The mysterious visitor then takes a rapid glance round the room, laughs at the disorder reigning every where, and throwing off her domino, presents to the astonished gaze of Karl a sight as beautiful as unanticipated—a comely rustic maiden, of symmetrical shape, and features that laugh like the sun. Karl's senses ache at the lovely form that flits before him, executing in the most winning manner specimens of the various *pas* that are to be danced at the ball, to which she tempts him to accompany her. Eight o'clock strikes, and all of a sudden the maiden appears to lose her *equilibre*. She must be gone—she beckons to Karl, who accompanies her to the stair-case, at which point she once more disappears, as it were absorbed into the air. The rustic girl is again the sprite—again CARLOTTA, who, in a new shape, delights to tease the melancholy student. The whole of this scene is acted and mimed and danced by Carlotta to a perfection surpassing all her previous efforts, which were nevertheless of themselves perfection.

In the following scene, Ida, the betrothed, arrives, and observing the domino which the sprite has left behind, bursts into tears of jealousy and anger. Karl, however, persuades her that he is not unfaithful, and as a proof, gives her the key of his room. Ida seizes it and locks him in, persuaded that now at least he will not go to the ball. But left alone, he cannot pursue his studies. Glancing heedlessly at his mystic folio, he perceives that a leaf—the leaf—has been torn away. Furious at the loss, which robs him of his supernatural powers, he draws his rapier, and finding no living enemy to strike, aims a blow at a large picture which hangs up near the doorway. The picture divides in two, and discovers the mischievous sprite, not this time laughing like sunshine, but suffering, or apparently suffering, from the effects of the wound. How the sprite continues to tease the poor student, by what cunning devices succeeds in turning his brain dizzy, and, at length, overpowers him with the sleep of fatigue—how admirable, how picturesque, how impish, how irresistible were every gesture, look, and step of CARLOTTA, we shall not attempt to describe. The pen would fail to follow the

exquisite *dansuse*—a human spirit, with more of fascination than all the infernal host combined—in the maze of enchanting evolutions, by which she dazzled the eye and made the senses giddy with delight. To look at Carlotta for an instant together was impossible; she was *never* half a second in one place, and so rapid were her motions that she seemed at times twenty times herself—ten times ubiquitous—everywhere at once.

The whole of the second *tableau* is devoted to the masked ball, where Karl goes after all. Here the sprite, Carlotta, continues to torment Karl—first as the incarnation of folly, when she dances the *Pas Allegorique* of Momus and the Pleasures; then, once more as the domino and the rustic coquette, when she allures him into the circling movements of the waltz; then as a dashing cavalier, when she makes him jealous by her attentions to Ida, his betrothed, in a quadrille, provokes him to a quarrel, and engages with him in a duel; and lastly, as a Will o' the Wisp, into which form she merges at the moment of danger, escaping from her enraged assailant, who wastes his anger on the vacant air. He has received a lesson, however, and no longer regrets the leaf from the folio, that had helped him to a half acquaintance with the goblin-world, which he now fairly wishes at the devil.

Carlotta was as inimitable and volatile in this *tableau* as in the former. How she waltzes, how she moves in the quadrille, need not be told. But how she walked and bore herself as the young officer, was quite another question. Her fencing was the poetry of attack and defence, only that she looked so charming that no hand could have been bold enough to strike her, no heart hard enough to direct the blow. The only great feat of dancing in the *ballet* was the *Pas Allegorique*, with M. Charles. This is taken from Perrot's *ballet* of *La Filleule des Fées*, brought out for Carlotta at the *Academie Royale* in Paris, of which an account has already appeared in the *Musical World*. It is the very essence and perfection of the choregraphic art. The variations are *chef d'œuvres* of neat and rapid execution, and the *adagio* combines all that is most grateful in *pose*, all that is most classic in motion of the arms and body. The *Pas Allegorique* was enthusiastically applauded, and each variation loudly re-demanded; but Carlotta is no friend to the *encore* system, and besides, was too fatigued by her incessant exertions to be able to go through any of her feats twice over with ease and comfort.

Since *Giselle* and *Esmeralda* and the *Diable à Quatre* Carlotta Grisi has achieved no triumph so complete as in the *Metamorphoses*, in which her unrivalled talent both as mimist and *dansuse* has an unbounded field for display. She has completely resuscitated the *ballet* from the lethargy into which it had begun to fall from the commencement of the Jenny Lind *furor*, which seemed likely to extinguish it altogether. Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on the result, and we trust that, emboldened by this new success, he will bestow more of his attention to the *ballet*—always one of his great strongholds—than he has been able or inclined to bestow during the last three years. With such a dancer as Carlotta Grisi, in the prime of her life and the vigour of her talent, the *ballet*, well managed, needs not fear decline; in short, under such circumstances, decline is not merely improbable, but impossible.

M. Paul Taglioni merits equal praise for the fancy and ingenuity he has displayed in the composition of the *Metamorphoses*, as for the graphic manner in which he represents the vexed and tormented Karl. He is a first-rate artiste in his way. M. Charles, who danced the *Pas Allegorique* with Carlotta, is very young, but already bids fair to be the legiti-

mate successor of the inimitable Perrot. The *corps de ballet* contains Mdles. Rosa (a new comer), Aussandon, Julien, Lamoreux, and other old favourites, who are as efficient and personally attractive as ever.

Before we have done with the *ballet*, we may remark that Mdle. James, one of the most accomplished of all our *secondes donne* of the dance, is in London, and unengaged. She has been with Carlotta in her recent tour, and (as it appears from the poetical communication of our worthy Dublin correspondent, "Jaques,") has shared the triumphs of her incomparable *camarade*. Mr. Lumley could hardly do more wisely than complete his admirable *corps de ballet* by the addition of this graceful and excellent English *danseuse*. M. Silvain also, we hear, is in London, and at leisure. Who could better fill the place of M. D'Or or of M. St. Léon, neither of whom are engaged this season? Marie Taglioni has arrived, prettier and quainter than ever, and a *very little* taller. Mr. Lumley should adopt Vivier's counsel, and place a sentinel at her door, to see that she does not grow any more. She is quite tall enough for all danceable purposes. Mdle. Ferraris, a new dancer of repute, has arrived, and will shortly appear.

The next opera is to be *Ernani*, which will be produced on Thursday—a grand extra night, for the *débuts* of Signor Lorenzo, and our countryman, Sims Reeves.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

OUR contemporaries bear ample testimony to the triumph of Carlotta in the new *ballet* of the *Metamorphoses*. The *Morning Herald* thus quaintly and poetically apostrophises the incomparable Queen of the Dance.

"The new ballet called *Les Metamorphoses* is one of the gayest things of the kind that we have seen, containing some pretty tableaux, and some exquisite passages of character dancing by Carlotta Grisi, who, with the exception of Fanny Ellsler, never had an equal in the art of expressing pantomimic sentiment.

"Carlotta's personation of the elf is a matchless piece of *diablerie*. Each of the separate assumptions she embodies with an air of good-humoured mischief, as genial as it is diverting. The athletics of the scene she manages with a spirit and elegance which few of the light-heeled tribe can either feel or demonstrate; while the dramatic meaning with which she enlivens an attitude or a movement, realises the highest conditions of her art. It is not an abuse of words to call her dancing 'poetry,' for there is an ideal beauty in it which gratifies the eye as well as the imagination. Let us cite, as an example of this, the comic abandon of her scene with Paul Taglioni, when, as a 'rustic coquette,' she drags him from his books in spite of himself, and hurries him round the room in a merry and unavoidable whirl; or, as a will-o'-the-wisp, eludes him with cunning conceits of activity. Then again the *Pas Foldtre*, with its quick, sharp, twinkling steps! Carlotta, in short, was never in greater force than at present."

Not less enthusiastic, if somewhat less elaborate, is the worthy and talented critic of the *Chronicle*.

"Of such a sprite, mischievous without malice, and fun-loving not for the fun alone, what more choice and happy representative could be found than Carlotta Grisi, with her spirit-like airiness, her buoyant grace, her elfish eye and face? Not since she charmed the world as *Giselle* has a character been hit upon more exactly suited to this fascinating artist. Every true genius combines the elements alike of the tragic and comic; and so it is with Carlotta Grisi; she is as completely elfish and sprite-like in this gay, rattling, yet graceful and piquant part, as in the more serious and touching character of the spirit-dancer. One's only regret is, that she should not have the ballet all to herself—the incidental scenes and dances, though singularly clever and amusing, seeming only so many obstructions to our enjoyment of such an embodied grace. This ballet will not be an ephemeral attraction only. Besides the exquisite acting and dancing of Carlotta Grisi, there are many incidental dances of great merit and originality."

Even the *Daily News*, usually so grave and brief in matters Terpsichorean, waxes ardent in Carlotta's praise. Listen to his eloquent words:—

"There was a new ballet called *Les Metamorphoses*, a brilliant and successful affair. Its story, even with the help of the libretto, was beyond our comprehension; but the peerless Carlotta Grisi appeared in it, and that was quite enough. She appeared, too, in the most piquant way possible; for she enacted the part of an elf, or sprite, who, in order to perplex a student of the 'black art,' appeared to him in a variety of fantastical shapes—a young page, a village girl, a will-o'-the-wisp, and a military officer; and in these various disguises she displayed her witcheries in her own inimitable way."

The *Times* calls Carlotta "the most poetic of dancers;" but the *Times* was the first to "symbolise" her talent, as the clever and animated writer in the *Britannia* expresses it.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commences to-night with *Der Freischütz*. Of the production of this work, and its substitution for *Gustavus the Third*, we have already said our say. Of the managerial policy manifested in the substitution time only can certify as to its soundness or hollowness.

The directors, we are assured, have spared no expense to render Weber's *chef d'œuvre* entirely worthy of their great establishment. All who have heard the Covent Garden band and chorus must feel satisfied that, as far as they are concerned, *Der Freischütz* will be better interpreted than it has ever been in this country. Respecting the singers, we can only form an opinion, and encourage a hope for the best. It must be remembered that some of the most eminent vocalists of Germany and England have been heard in Weber's opera. Besides Madame Heinefetter, Madame Schodel, Schroeder Devrient, together with Haitzinger and other celebrated tenors, we have had our own Braham and Mrs. Wood interpreting the principal parts. But "comparisons are odorous," and we must rest content at the present day with Mesdames Castellan and Vera, both of whom possess undoubted talents, and with the expectation that Signor Enrico Maralti may prove a second Haitzinger.

In favour of the Royal Italian Opera, it may be safely affirmed that it possesses the best Caspar the stage has ever produced. Caspar is one of *Formes'* finest parts, and, we have no doubt, that the great German basso will produce an immense effect in the character.

Again, in behalf of Covent Garden, it may be further shewn that the directors have secured the services of M. Massol, for the part of the Head Ranger—a small part, certainly, but an important one—thus giving us a foretaste of what they intend doing with secondary and subordinate characters. For providing so excellent an artist for the Head Ranger the management is entitled to especial commendation. M. Massol is an admirable singer, has a splendid voice, and will materially strengthen the efficiency of the vocal corps.

On the whole, whatever the drawbacks to the complete and perfect production of *Der Freischütz*—as complete and perfect as might be desired—we espy so much that is really first-rate, we incline to anticipate a great success.

The last rehearsal took place yesterday. All is prepared. The dresses will be picturesque and appropriate, and the scenery, as we are told, of the most magnificent description. The great incantation scene will tax to the utmost the resources of the Royal Italian Opera management, and the fancy and ingenuity of Mr. Harris, under whose superintendence all the *diablerie* has been formed and fashioned.

The dances will take place, also, under the direction of Mr. Harris, Signor Casati, the *matre de ballet*, having been prevented by unforeseen circumstances, from coming to England.

So much for anticipation. The realization shall be forthcoming next week.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional contributor.)

THE fourth of the spring series took place on the 13th. The list of vocalists was strong, and included the names of Misses Lucombe, Rebecca Isaacs, Anne Williams, and M. Williams; Herr Formes, Mr. Henry Drayton, Mr. Land, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. Sims Reeves. With such a vocal force we think it would have been politic had the directors given something of a higher character than the programme presented on this occasion. The directors must not suppose that the public can be led back to twenty years ago, and passively submit to be "planted" in that epoch, from now *ad perpetuum*. Whatever may be their opinion, however, we have strong proof that audiences of the present day are capable of appreciating entertainments of an intellectual order—or so good an imitation thereof as may lead them to suppose they are exerting their faculties of comprehension and enjoyment on music of a serious character. Even when they are thus blinded they are apt to find out their mistake very soon, and visit this offence on their judgment with severity. We advise the directors of the London Wednesday Concerts to awake while they are in good grace, and avoid so unpleasant a visitation from their numberless patrons. In future let them eschew as much as possible such a patch-work selection as was presented on Wednesday night.

The vocalists sang very well, as might have been expected, since they, no doubt, selected their own songs. The sooner the directors take this task out of their hands, however, the better, both for the directors and the vocalists. The applause, with some few exceptions, was much less vociferous than usual, and the encores much less frequent. The latter fact was decidedly an advantage. But it is now time for the directors to present novelty; at present there is a tiresome sameness in these concerts. "Move on," is the actual watchword of the day, and those who do not keep up with the crowd will most likely be trampled under foot.

But for a few details:—Herr Formes sang "Farewell to the Mountain," and "Life is darkened o'er with woe." Herr Formes has sung both these songs a great many times during the season, and without exercising to any extraordinary degree his powers of research, he might have found something better and newer to sing at the fourth of the spring series. Nevertheless, let it be understood, that we do not object to either of the songs above-named; on the contrary, they are both beautiful in their way; but it is of their so frequent repetition we complain, and we cite them as instances of the prevailing vice. The other vocalists must not imagine themselves slighted at our not noticing their various efforts in numerical order, but we have so frequently mentioned the same ladies and gentlemen in the same songs and duets, that we are afraid, should we continue, the *Musical World* would become as tedious as the performances themselves.

The soloists were Herr Ernst and Signor Briccialdi. Herr Ernst gave a solo on "Hungarian Airs," and the *Pirata Fantasia*, and played both in his very best style. The audience were clamorous for an encore for both solos, but after the first Herr Ernst came forward merely to bow his acknowledgments, and for the second he substituted the *Carnaval*.

Signor Briccialdi, a flautist of high continental reputation, made his first appearance at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night. His intonation is as near an approach to perfection as that of any flutist we have heard. His tone is mellow and pure, and he possesses great command of his instrument, both in *bravura*

and *cantabile* passages. His style of playing is remarkably artistic and finished. The fantasia he performed was selected from the *Sonnambula*. Signor Briccialdi was warmly applauded. We hope to hear him frequently.

Mr. Bridge Frodsham made a favourable impression by his unaffected singing in John Barnett's charming ballad, "Can'st thou love, yet coldly fly me," (*Mountain Sylph*), and in a new song, "I saw a brighter eye last night." Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, excellently well played by the band, commenced the concert in a style worthy of a more solid conclusion. Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, and Macfarren's *Chevy Chase*, were also performed. Herr Anschuetz conducted with clearness and decision.

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

MR. DANDO, the admired violinist, has been carrying on his usual series of Quartet Concerts at Crosby Hall, to the gratification and edification of the City amateurs. Supported by Mr. Gattie, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Lucas, Mr. Dando has performed some of the finest specimens of quartet composition in a manner fully to sustain his reputation; and the concerts have had the additional interest and attraction of the pianoforte playing of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Dorrell, and Mr. L. Sloper, who have interpreted some of the grand chamber works of the great masters. The fifth concert of the season, which was one of the most interesting of the series, took place on Monday last. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Grand Nonetto, Op. 31, for violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, Messrs. Dando, Hill, Lucas, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Williams, C. Harper, and Baumann	Spohr.
Aria, "Sommo Dio," Zaira, Miss Dolby	Winter.
Quartet, No. 31, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	Haydn.
Song, "When the children are asleep" (a fire side song), Miss Dolby	Wallace.

PART II.

Second Sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violin, (dedicated to G. A. Macfarren,) Messrs. W. C. Macfarren and Dando	W. C. Macfarren.
Song, "The Hooved's Bride," Miss Dolby	Molique.
Duet, "May Morning," the Misses Williams	W. F. Wallace.
Quartet, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	Beethoven.
Accompanist, Mr. W. C. Macfarren.	

The Nonetto of Spohr was very finely performed; the choir of wind instruments was particularly admirable, and the effect of the *ensemble* was truly excellent: it is a composition of most ingenious elaboration, abounding in points of great beauty, and the last movement especially teems with genius—one of the very happiest productions of its author. The Quartet of Haydn was a less effective performance; the lovely movement in A flat, *affettuoso sostenuto*, was better rendered and better appreciated than the rest of the work. A very principal feature of the evening was Mr. W. C. Macfarren's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, which, besides its merit as a composition, had the interest of novelty, at least to this audience. This is a work which bears the test of a very severe criticism, and which the better known and more strictly judged, the more fully proves its young composer to be possessed of very high musical qualifications both of nature and study. The sonata is written throughout with fluency and with an evident familiarity with the general principles of construction; much as we like the whole, we prefer, however, the two middle movements, the *scherzo* in D sharp minor and the *adagio* in A, which are eminently original and equally beautiful, and would indeed do

honour to the name of any composer. The playing of Mr. W. C. Macfarren has great merit; he produces a clear, full tone from the pianoforte, and his style is characterised by evident musicianly feeling and great energy. The sonata was very warmly applauded; more so, indeed, than any piece in the programme. The fine Quartet in C minor of Beethoven was excellently performed, but it had the disadvantage of the usual breaking-up of the audience during a last piece to prevent those who wished to hear from paying due attention. Miss Dolby sang most beautifully, and accompanied herself in Mr. Wallace's very charming "Fireside Song." The Misses Williams sang admirably the less meritorious duet of the same composer. The last concert of the series will take place on Monday, the 25th.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Times.)

THE Royal Academy, it seems, has obtained a renewed lease of the building which was constructed some fourteen years ago at the national expense, for the reception of the national pictures. Another generation, for aught the public is assured to the contrary, will find the daubs of contemporary mediocrity flaring against the walls which should have been graced by the standards of ancient perfection. For a period, at present indefinite, Raphael, Sebastiano, and Rubens must give place to Redgrave, Maclise, and Uwins. The cultivation of high art, the elevation of the general taste, even the interests of the profession particularly concerned, are to be postponed *sine die*, to suit a convenience which no impartial man regards, or to propitiate a power which no independent man will recognise. No promises, express or implied, no gratitude to public benefactors, no desire to encourage a patriotic liberality, not even the common considerations of expediency, appear to touch the gentlemen who are charged with the official patronage of art. Turning a deaf ear to every reasonable remonstrance, they suffer the institution which boasts its own complete self-sufficiency, and rejects all national interference, on the express ground that it requires no national support, to usurp a public edifice, intended for a public purpose, and to occupy with its puny productions the rightful seat of the genius of antiquity. Such is the apparent position of art in this country, at this moment. Such, at least, are the conclusions to be drawn from the statement of the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on Monday night.

With the Royal Academy, considered as a society of individuals, united for their own benefit, we have no concern at present. Whether it be well or ill constituted, honestly or corruptly administered, of good or evil influence upon the profession, we forbear from even offering an opinion. Nor do we wish to be understood as having endorsed the charges against it which have appeared in these columns. Our only purpose is to inquire upon what pretence the Royal Academy is thrust into the National Gallery—in return for what services rendered to the country, a private institution is in part maintained at the public expense—and for what sound reasons of State the Government, as virtual trustees of the national pictures, leaves these to be heaped together as in an auction-room, or stowed away like useless lumber, in order to elevate into a too treacherous light the pretty paintings of their *protégés*. This is all the business we have with the Royal Academy.

The Select Committee appointed in 1835 to inquire, among other things, "into the constitution, management, and effects of institutions connected with the arts," made a report in 1836, which, together with the evidence, may be advantageously

consulted in the elucidation of this subject. It appears, from this document, that the building called the National Gallery was originally constructed in a manner to diminish its utility as a receptacle for the national pictures, and even to endanger its safety in case of fire, in order that space, and other conveniences, might be appropriated to the Royal Academy; that at the time this sacrifice of public property was made to a private society, petitions were lying before the trustees, explaining the injury which must accrue to the general body of artists from such an exclusive patronage of a set, and the opinions of eminent men had been declared upon the point, that the *quasi* amalgamation of the Gallery and the Academy would probably result in the injury of both; and that the joint occupancy which was to produce this disastrous connexion was to be determined by the expansion of the national collection to a size too large for the dimensions of that portion of the national building which was at first allotted to its use. In addition to these simple facts, opinions well deserving of consideration were given, to the effect that the enthronement of the Royal Academy upon the seat of ancient art, would operate to destroy competition, and would give the Academy a virtual monopoly—that even the whole building, as constructed, did not afford more than sufficient space for the complete exhibition of the then national collection, and that the contraction of that space would therefore not only be a direct injury, but would very probably prevent public-spirited persons from bequeathing their pictures to the nation.

Fortunately the prophecy last mentioned has not been fulfilled. In 1847 Mr. Vernon presented his collection of the works of English artists to his country. His name was honoured in the senate and praised throughout the land; but his pictures were put away in a cellar. The event that was feared had come to pass. The casket was not large enough for the jewels, and there was no room without clearing out the mosaic which occupied some of the compartments. In short, issue was joined between the Academy and the nation, and it became necessary to decide which interest was the more important of the two.

That decision has not yet been made, and it is to be feared that unless the public step into the judgment seat, that predominant right which law and custom attribute to possession will continue to favour one of the contending parties. To us, however, the case appears extremely simple. The Royal Academy is tenant upon sufferance of the National Gallery. Even on its own showing it has no right of occupancy beyond the period when its own interests and those of the national collection can be made to harmonize. That period arrived beyond all question in 1847, and since that time the Academy has continued in its place by usurpation and wrong. Even before 1847, it would not be difficult to show that the national pictures were inconveniently crowded. Any one who has penetrated through dust and the throng of gazers into the little room at the top of the stairs, where Hogarth, Wilkie, Canaletti, and others are jammed together as in a picture-dealer's shop, must feel the force of the observation. The Vernon donation, however, settled this matter. There is clearly no room for that collection; and the question arises whether the Academy is to remain in the Gallery; or the national pictures are to seek another place. Possibly, in other times, and with no fear of financial reformers before our eyes, we might have embraced the latter alternative, and, having consigned the great relics of antiquity to a worthy mausoleum, have left the Royal Academy to repose for ever under the shadow of the pepper-boxes which crown the "finest site in Europe."

AMERICAN POT POURRI

(From a New York Correspondent.)

I SEND you a few musical and dramatic particulars, from which you may pick or choose as you please. The last number of the *Musical World* which reached us, informed us that the editor had an abstract reverence for copy. My scraps, therefore, have some hope of finding a place in your journal.

At the Bowery Theatre, *Rookwood*; or, *Richard Turpin the Highwayman*, and the *Gipsy Queen*, a grand equestrian drama of deep interest and thrilling excitement, has been produced, and drawn immense houses. Mr. Dern plays Dick Turpin in a very picturesque and highwayman-like fashion.

The Serious Family is being played at the Broadway, and creates roars of laughter. A new song has been introduced, called "The Teetotal Society," which had been better left out.

At Burton's Theatre, the *Serious Family* is also being played, and successfully. This comedy has proved one of the most attractive pieces which have been for some time imported from England.

Great crowds are attracted nightly to Chanfran's National Theatre, to see Master Murray, who is several inches smaller than General Tom Thumb—some say, several feet. I have not seen him yet; but an editor of a newspaper told me he was so little that he had to get up on a footstool to scratch his head. You may expect him in England before long.

A benefit was given lately at the Italian Opera, for the sufferers of the Hague Street catastrophe. This was managed by Mr. Maretzek, with whom the idea originated, and who took immense pains to procure a bumper house. I am sorry to say this was no bumper. There was a good house, and that was all. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was played, the chief executants being Signorina Bertucca, and the Signors Forti and Beneventano.

A Grand Musical Festival will take place in Brooklyn, in a few days, in celebration of the birthday of Washington. As I don't pretend to understand what is going to be performed, I send you an extract from a New York paper, which may perhaps enlighten the understanding of yourself and your readers on that head.

"The birthday of Washington, one of those sacred festivals which have always been observed in this country, and will be to the end of time, will be appropriately celebrated in Brooklyn by the performance of one of the greatest musical compositions yet produced in this country. It is a grand cantata, entitled *Eleutheria*, which was performed a year ago to a crowded and delighted audience in the Tabernacle. In fact, we know not whether to call this an oratorio of freedom, or an opera in the high sense of the term, as used by the Germans, in which, as that term is understood among them, almost every species of touching, grand, and beautiful music, both secular and sacred, is introduced. It was received at the time with great favor, although the arrangements for its public rehearsal were far from being complete. But we are glad to be informed that nothing has been neglected on its second performance; and our only regret is, that it should be executed in Brooklyn rather than in New York; for, although the lovers of music will follow its artists wherever they go, yet it is not a very convenient matter for New Yorkers to undertake a pilgrimage to the State of Long Island o' nights. In this case, however, it will be done undoubtedly by multitudes of those who listened to this cantata last year in New York. The libretto, written by Horatio Stone, Esq., is designed to illustrate the progress of civil, political, and religious liberty, from the exodus of the Hebrews to the last struggle of Hungary; and everything that is significant, touching, beautiful, and heroic in the history of the long struggle of freedom among the nations, is painted with the pen of an artist and the fire of a poet. The music is by Mr. George H. Curtis, the distinguished professor of music, and celebrated pianist. It will be performed in the Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's), on Washington's birth-day eve (to-morrow) by the entire chorus of the New York Conservatory of Music, and by several of our

most distinguished artistes. We have no doubt it will be a grand affair, and our only regret is that its performance in Brooklyn should prevent so many citizens of New York from being present."

Your provincial friends will, no doubt, be glad to learn the following account of Mr. Malone Raymond and his pretty daughters, which I extract from the *New Orleans Daily Crescent*.

"We were sorry that the bad weather of last evening prevented the St. Charles from being filled with the numerous admirers of the Malone Raymond family. Mr. Malone Raymond is an agreeable story-teller, and gave us last night striking illustrations of Irish wit and Irish character, and Madame has a remarkable voice, which she has transmitted, in an intensified degree, to her daughter Fanny. In fact, the voice of Miss Fanny is of so rare and peculiar a quality, that the most careless listener is struck by her tones. It is one of the most powerful contraltos we have ever heard; and the notes are given out from Miss Fanny's throat with an ease and a force which indicate that they are natural gifts and not acquired qualities. Miss Laura appears to have cultivated her voice with more care than her sister, but her powers are not so rare as those of Miss Fanny. On the piano, Miss Emily performed with unusual skill and taste; and those who heard her performance at the Lyceum-hall, a few evenings ago, may imagine how much they missed by being absent from the St. Charles last night. The whole family of the Malone Raymonds has gained the public heart by their gentle bearing and decided talent; and as we understand they are to reside for some time in our midst, we hope they may meet with the success they so eminently deserve."

We have had some Shakspeare readings here of late, by a Mr. H. W. Hewet, who displayed both judgment and taste. He greatly pleased the public.

I shall send you some more scraps when any news turns up.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

M. ALEXANDER BILLET, the pianist, has commenced a new series of three evening concerts of classical pianoforte music. The design of M. Billet is most excellent and praiseworthy—one which we could wish to see adopted with regard to music generally. He proposes, in the course of these concerts, to give specimens from the works of all the great pianoforte composers, inclusive, of course, of many whose compositions are seldom heard in the concert-room. Our knowledge of art in all its branches in this country is so fragmentary, that praise is due to any one that will endeavour to induce a more general and historical acquaintance with it by systematic exemplification. Whether such a plan will succeed, whether the public of this country will "pay to be taught," is another question—the question, in fact, now at issue between those who follow music and the other arts for their own sake, and those mere speculators who only "cater for the public amusement," with a view to their own pecuniary profit. M. Billet belongs to the more honourable class; and we were glad to see, by the crowded state of the room last night, that not merely his known talents, but his object also had been appreciated.

M. Billet's own performances on the pianoforte form, of course, the chief feature of the concert. His style of playing is not calculated to captivate the undiscerning hearer, but it is in proportion pleasing and satisfying to the amateur of the highest and purest kind of executive skill on the pianoforte. Quiet development without effort or exaggeration, a correct touch and graceful flow of expression, are qualities which leave their impress on the mind longer than *tours de force* or mere brilliancy of execution. M. Billet has many of the characteristics of Sterndale Bennett as an executant, but without so much interpretative power or feeling. The pieces played by him at the first concert of the new series were Beethoven's Grand Sonata in A flat (op. 26); Handel's "Suite des Pièces" (in F); Dussek's Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell" (most brilliantly executed by M. Billet); Sterndale Bennett's two studies, "L'Amabile" (in E flat), and "L'Appassionata" (in G minor); Stephen Heller's "La Chasse" (Étude, op. 29); and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso (in E, op. 14). M. Billet also played (with Mr. Levy, the conductor of the concert) Mendelssohn's Military Duet.

The only vocal performers were the Misses Cole, who have vastly improved since their very promising *début* at Exeter Hall. These young ladies have evidently well employed their time in study, and they have already attained a degree of excellence which promises, with still more study and application, future perfection. They sang two duets (one from Macfarren's *Charles the Second*), and Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my love could silently flow," and were much applauded.

Altogether this concert of M. Billet's was of a high character. Whether it would not be expedient to introduce greater variety, so as to relieve the pianoforte playing, will be worth considering. In that case, to accomplish the design announced in the programme, it would be necessary to extend the number of concerts. We should be inclined to think that the amateurs of pianoforte music would support such an extension if it enabled them to hear the most remarkable works of the greatest composers for the pianoforte executed by so accomplished and tasteful an artist as M. Billet. Piatti is to play at the second concert Mendelssohn's "Air varié" with M. Billet.

[We reprint this notice of our cotemporary with much pleasure, as a specimen of good criticism of the right sort. We think, however, that an increase in the number of vocal pieces would interfere with M. Billet's design, which is a most excellent one.—Ed. M. W.]

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH commenced his series of grand choral performances on Wednesday evening with Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*. The choice was good, as this *chef d'œuvre* of the master contains some of his finest and most elaborate choruses, and presented excellent occasions for testing the strength and efficiency of the members of Mr. Hullah's first upper singing school, who constituted the choral body.

The choruses were in general well rendered; but we should select, for particular notice, "O Father, whose almighty power;" "Hear us, O Lord;" "Fall'n is the foe;" "We never will bow down;" "Sing unto God;" and the "Hallelujah." The chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," was also well sung. The good effects of Mr. Hullah's training was evidenced in the chorus, "We hear," in Part Second, in which the *pianos* were given with the most perfect intonation, and the *crescendos* were managed with admirable effect. The chorus displayed their power here to great advantage.

The principal vocal performers were Miss Birch, Miss Gill, Mrs. Noble, Miss Kent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

Miss Birch gave the air "From mighty Kings" with more than usual effect, and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Noble and Miss Gill were both good, and the little Miss Kent had to do made us desire she had more.

Mr. Sims Reeves produced an immense sensation in the exciting air, "Sound an alarm," the applause at the conclusion being vehement and continuous. Mr. Reeves appeared to have gained an addition of power to his voice.

Mr. Whitworth sang the air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," in a very energetic manner, and "The Lord worketh wonders," with excellent effect. We have not heard this gentleman sing with better taste, or in a more musician-like manner. The trio, "Disdainful of danger," was perfectly rendered by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

We may also mention the duet, "O lovely peace," by Mrs. Noble and Miss Birch; the air, "Rejoice, O Judah," by Mr. Whitworth; and the recitatives, "See yon flames," and "O grant it, Heaven," respectively by Miss Kent and Miss Birch, as entitled to notice.

The band, led by Mr. Willy, was complete and effective. The overture was played with vigour and precision, as was also

the march succeeding the chorus, "See the conquering hero comes."

Mr. Hullah conducted the whole of the oratorio in a most efficient manner. He was received with great applause on his entrance into the orchestra, the same demonstration being renewed at the end of the performance.

The hall was well attended.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HERR ERNST and Herr Hallé's second classical chamber concert here, took place on Thursday evening, the 7th instant. The following was the admirable selection on the occasion:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2) *Beethoven*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Low wave the summer woods," *Bennett*. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Dedicated to Kreutzer, (in A minor, Op. 47) *Beethoven*.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E minor) *Mendelssohn*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Let me wander not unseen," *Handel*. *Penates Fugitives*, pianoforte and violin, *Heller and Ernst*.

The room was much fuller than the first night, and it was difficult to find even a standing place for the few who came after eight o'clock. The great treat of the night was Beethoven's very beautiful sonata; so full of melody and playfulness, so exquisitely is it written to display the violin and pianoforte together, and so truly excellent was its performance, we could have listened to such ravishing strains for hours. The second movement (*allegro vivace*) has for its subject or air the well-known Tremolo (that has been familiarised to us as a solo by most eminent violinists). We cannot possibly do justice to its treatment on this occasion by Hallé and Ernst—so refined—so delicately expressed were the minutest shades and graces of expression; the warmest plaudits were the consequence. The *andante* (*con variazioni*) was no less excellent, and was even a greater display of the perfect mechanism and skill of both artists. In listening to them the difficulties were overlooked, because they were mastered and made subordinate to the beauty of the work. The same with the presto finale, in which there is an amazing succession of difficult shakes, first on violin, then on pianoforte; yet all was as smooth as oil—not a slip—not a flaw—but on the contrary, a perfect succession of pictures were the four movements of the A minor sonata. We have placed this first, because we were so full of it we could not help it, else, in performance, it opened the second part.

The trio in E flat, which commenced the concert, was a charming specimen of Beethoven's richly stored genius, as shewn in these chamber compositions. Lidel, on the violoncello, opened the sostenuto first movement with a few bars solo, very nicely indeed, and all the three played with great taste. The second and third movements (an *allegro* and an *allegretto*) were surpassingly beautiful—full of the most bewitching snatches of melody and fancy, each movement totally different in subject and treatment, yet all formed and linked together so as to make a perfect *ensemble*; we never were more entranced or delighted with Beethoven's music in our lives. Much of this we felt was owing to Ernst himself. He appreciates music of this high character. He feels and enjoys it whilst he is playing, and this gives such an indescribable charm to the performance. His expression and pathos are quite unrivalled. His crescendo is almost painful from its very intensity. He seems to be forcing, as it were, the most ravishing tones from his instrument in spite of itself; and then, how he can subdue its tones to a gentle murmur—a mere whisper—the most piano of pianissimos; but the tone, still there, fine as a gossamer thread, yet clear as a bell. We could grow quite extravagant about Ernst; but, in sober seriousness, his is a master hand; and we never desire to hear more finished excellence on the violin, or expect to hear Beethoven's divine inspirations more clearly interpreted than we have now heard them by Ernst and Hallé. Hallé's performance was quite up to his coadjutor's. We could not say more in a column. He adjusted his piano and forte effects very skillfully, and gave that liquid, pearly roundness to his tones, as far removed from ham-

mering and thumping on the one hand, as from wire-drawn weakness on the other. We have no learning in technical or artistic phrase, or musical terms for either fingering, bowing, or playing, on either instrument, but can both feel and express our delight when either are well played. There was one movement, or phrase, in the sonata reminded us of the joyful strain which occurs in the pianoforte accompaniment to *Adelaide*. Mendelssohn's E minor quartet was given at the close of the first part (we believe to accommodate Mr. Seymour, who had an engagement), the same executants as before, and in the same order—Ernst, Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel; and again we had an example of what quartet playing can become in such hands. The second movement, the andante, was most rapturously encored. It is a most singular conceit; if the allegretto, in the quartet in A, at Seymour's concert, was like Puck and the Fairies, and Mozart's like four old friends in conversation, this andante, in the E minor quartet, is like four fidgety friends teasing one another, so restless and uneasy do the four instruments seem as they take up the fantastic strain, aided in this by the tremulous action of the bow. The scherzo and finale, too, were alike admirable for their interpretation and rendering. We might, at times, hear the *rocin* a little, but the conception and execution also was very fine; the pianissimo effects were wonderfully delicate and exact. The concert closed like the last with three of those elegant and graceful trifles, called *Pensées Fugitives*, by Ernst and Heller, which are admirably suited to this portion of a chamber concert programme, not to play the audience out (the audience at these concerts know better than to leave before the concert is over), but as making less claim upon the mind and intellect. After a tragedy of Shakspeare we do not want a modern tragedy as an after-piece, so after a sonata and trio of Beethoven's we welcome something lighter and less pretentious, as a relief. As to the performance by Hallé and Ernst of these bagatelles we have already exhausted our terms of panegyric on the accomplished artists. Mrs. John Wood gave general satisfaction in her songs. She was accompanied in Handel's by Hallé, and in Bennett's by Mr. R. Andrews, of this town. We shall look eagerly for the remaining two concerts of this most interesting series. The third is on the 21st instant; the fourth, and last, on the 4th of April.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DURING the present week Miss Helen Faucit—who justly ranks as one of the most accomplished actresses now left to the dramatic world—commenced an engagement at our Theatre Royal, playing on Monday night with her usual power and effect in her original part of Pauline Deschappelles in the *Lady of Lyons*, in which she was supported by Mr. Barry Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. But all her triumphs in Liverpool were surpassed on Wednesday last by her performance of Iolanthe, in a translation from the Danish of *King René's Daughter*, by Theodore Martin,—so well known in literary circles as a clever and humorous parodist, yeapt Bon Gaultier. This piece having been more than once noticed in your pages I will not here speak of it, though I think it is one of the most simple and beautiful ever produced on the stage; but rather state that Miss Faucit's embodiment of the blind princess was an extremely graceful, elegant, and poetical performance. The kind, trusting nature of the secluded princess was admirably embodied; and when passion was required, the fair artist displayed the true fire of genius. The whole performance, in fact, was a complete triumph from beginning to end. Many a time has Miss Faucit been applauded to the echo in Liverpool, but never before did she create the sensation she did on Wednesday night last. The theatre was much better filled than usual with the *élite* of the town, whose manifestations of applause were only appeased for fear of losing a word of the dialogue. At the conclusion of the play, Miss Helen Faucit was called loudly before the curtain, amidst the uproarious applause of the audience, who gave vent to their delight by waving handkerchiefs, hats, &c., and cheering till they were hoarse. Mr. Barry Sullivan, as usual, was intelligent and graceful as Count Tristan, speaking the poetry with true artistic feeling, and frequently and deservedly sharing the applause with the heroine of the night. Mr. Harker was careful and intelligent as Ebn Yahia, the Moorish physician; but the boisterous sobbing and ranting of Mr. Cham-

berlain, as the tranquil and fond King René, provoked frequent laughter. The actors were not sufficiently careful in forming groups;—anything coarse or common totally destroys the poetic quietness and simplicity of the drama. The scenery was entirely new and characteristic—the painted canvas and properties being in various places supplanted by real grapes, oranges, and flowers. The wine vase and cup were of real silver—forming a vast and pleasing contrast to our old gilt *papier maché* friends of the same species. Taking it all in all, the piece, in almost every respect, was one of the most complete that has ever been seen in Liverpool, and Mr. Copeland well deserves the thanks of those who really love the drama, for his praiseworthy attempts to produce pieces in a style worthy of a metropolitan theatre.

After Miss Faucit's engagement, the winter season will terminate, recommencing after Passion Week with Charton and the Opera Comique company; for whose representations the places are being rapidly taken.

The Amphitheatre re-opens, also, on Easter Monday, redecorated and cleaned.

One of our theatres—formerly a very prosperous one—is now being changed into a large “drapery establishment;” and as many parties now ranking high in the dramatic world (who of course read the *Musical World*) have played in it, a short notice of it here may not be out of place. It is from the *Liverpool Courier*:—

“THE LITTLE LIVER.”

“These were the talismanic words that were wont to awaken in the mind of the play-goer associations of all that was lively, all that was mirthful, all that was brisk, connected with the drama. They have now, alas! lost their charm. This once petted little temple of amusement is no more: the Muses have given place to the muslins, the drama to the drapery. The Liver is to be converted into a mart for the sale of satins, silks, hosiery, &c., &c. Truly, the glory has departed; but so it is.

“Twenty-seven years ago, there stood in Church-street, a large room, let off for public exhibitions, sales, balls, and so forth. Previously to this time there came to Liverpool, connected with a theatrical company, a gentleman named Scott, an enterprising man in his line, to whom the Liverpool public are indebted for the establishment of a minor theatre. Mr. Scott having fitted up and opened a large room connected with the Golden Lion Inn, which stood in Dale-street, on the site of the Royal Bank-buildings, as a place of theatrical amusement. The speculation was found to be a good one, and the ‘minor’ drew amazingly; the premises, however, were required, and Mr. Scott removed to the large room in Cook-street, attached to the King's Arms, where for some time he catered most successfully for the public amusement. The patronage here bestowed upon him induced him to become the lessee of the room in Church-street, which he converted into a neat theatre, under the name of the Pantheon, well calculated for that for which it was intended—the production of *Vaudrevilles*, &c.

“The success of the speculation was beyond all expectation, and Mr. Scott, by keeping an efficient *corps dramatique*, and all the necessary appliances, endeavoured to render his performances worthy of the patronage bestowed upon them. Unfortunately for him, he did that which many others, not connected with the theatrical profession, had done—he grasped at too much, and, as in most similar cases, he grasped his own ruin. He became manager of the Circus, in Christian-street,—now the Adelphi,—which he attempted to work as well as the Pantheon. In this he failed, became ruined in his finances, and ‘vanished into thin air.’ Mr. Scott was notable for being a good payer and a most respectable man.

“In the year 1829, a dispute took place between the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mr. Lewis, and two of his performers, Mr. Malone Raymond and Mr. W. J. Hammond. The difference led to a separation, and Messrs. Raymond and Hammond, the same year, became the joint lessees of the Pantheon, which, having been re-decorated and beautified, they opened under the witching name of the Liver. The speculation took immensely, and the names of Celeste, Strickland, T. P. Cook, and others high in the profession, may give an idea of the talent which was brought to bear. Subsequently disputes arose, which led to litigation between the managers of the Royal and Liver Theatres, and ever after, matters at the Liver became on the wane. Messrs. Raymond and Hammond dissolved partnership, and the charm seemed broken. Other managements endeavoured to make a paying investment of the concern; but either from a want of taste on their part, or from a want of appreciation on the part of the public,—but most likely from the latitude given by the bill for doing away with theatrical restrictions, which induced managers to introduce pieces not suited to the theatre,—all proved failures, and the other week the premises were disposed of to a wealthy firm at Dublin, who intend shortly to open them as an extensive drapery establishment.

"This being the case, on Monday the sale of the 'properties' took place on the stage of the theatre, by Messrs. F. and J. Hodgson, of Birkenhead. There was a large attendance, if not of buyers, of spectators,—amongst whom were a considerable number of professional gentlemen connected with the other theatres in the town. Mr. Copeland was also present, but bought sparingly, the 'articles' being too small for his theatres. The principal buyer was Mr. Store, a retired tradesman, of Moss-place, but for what purpose is not known. The gloomy light so peculiar to a theatre by day, threw a sombreness over all around. Things which looked sparkling and brilliant by the aid of gas, lost their witchery, and presented a mass of daub and paint. The articles 'submitted to competition' formed a most heterogeneous collection. Here lay a number of palace pillars in ruins, and there a pair of stocks; an Egyptian mummy was reared in proximity to a turnpike-gate; a 'golden sea' and 'several cloud pieces' were placed together; some angels and a devil were in peaceful companionship; two gas lamps were placed on a rustic bridge; and any quantity of traps, trucks, and stage appointments were available. Although the sums realised were not high, the articles fetched fully their value; for owing to the smallness of the scenery, drops, &c., they are not calculated for other theatres. The bidding was brisk, and the business of the sale was gone through in a very short time."

A squabble is at present carried on, I am sorry to say, between some members of the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Herman, their conductor; but it is to be hoped that all will soon be amicably settled, and the society will, as usual, "go a-head" in peace and harmony. I believe that influential parties are getting up a Philharmonic Society in Birkenhead, where many of the upper classes of Liverpool reside, and that upwards of fifty members have already joined.

What about Albani? Will she not appear in England this season? If not, wherefore?
J. H. N.

MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

A SERIES of "Concerts for the People" are now being given in the Town Hall, in this town. The second was held on Monday evening last, when near 2000 persons were present, chiefly of the operative classes. The selections were made with good judgment from the works of Bishop, Cooke, Horsley, and others of our English authors. The vocal principals were Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Battye, Mrs. Lawton, Mr. Meller, and Messrs. Brierley. Mr. Joseph Winterbottom conducted; Mr. John Lees (son of the parish organist,) ably fulfilling the duties of pianist. The band performed several overtures, under the leadership of Mr. James Taylor; the choruses were given with precision throughout the evening, and received the hearty acclamations of the company. A manuscript song, from the pen of the talented pianist, Mr. John Lees, jun., was among the notables of the evening; it is set to the words "The Ships of England," by Charles Swain, is composed for a baritone voice, and from its hearty reception on this occasion, we should say will become a general favourite. Mr. Meller was loudly encored in it, and we think it is the best thing we have heard him sing. The concert was brought to a close with Bishop's chorus "Now tramp."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

FLETCHER'S COMEDY, the *Elder Brother*; or, *Love at First Sight*, was produced on Monday evening, with a success which has authorised the management to repeat it during the week. It was played well throughout, and put upon the stage carefully and effectively, but it is not likely to have a long run.

Colley Cibber's adaptation of the *Elder Brother*, under the title of *Love Makes a Man*; or, *the Fop's Fortune*, produced at Drury Lane in the beginning of the eighteenth century, superseded Fletcher's play entirely, and remained a stock piece, if not a favorite one, until some five and twenty years ago. Colley Cibber did not improve Fletcher, except in some of the situations he added, and, perhaps, in his trimming the barlequinades of the miscalled courtiers.

The *Elder Brother* is a favorable specimen of Fletcher's genius. The language is pointed and forcible, the characters well contrasted, and, in two instances, drawn with great dramatic power, and the wit abundant. In his incidents, and the construction of his plot, the author does not display much fertility of invention or skill. Scenes are introduced without which the action would have progressed more naturally, and the *denouement* does not occur in the most satisfactory manner. The best character in the comedy, also, Charles, the Elder Brother, is open to much objection. His falling in love at first sight we can understand, and Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, has taught us how to feel the possibility and reality of so sudden a day-dawn of the tender passion; but the love of Charles is abrupt beyond credibility—he does not *fall* in love, he *jumps* into it—his love has no dawn, it comes upon him in the full blaze of noon. But Charles is a heroic fellow, and his virtues are manifold, and his erudition deep, and his wit pungent, and so he is a great favorite.

Eustace, the younger brother, is a character in the portraiture of which the poet seems to have confounded all reason, and to have outraged all natural feelings. In the earlier part of the play Eustace figures as a contemptible coward, who falls on his knees at the sight of a drawn sword, and trembles at big words. Pistol and the Copper Captain, are, in fact, lions compared to him. Nothing can be more pitiful than himself and the two courtiers, who would appear to far better advantage in a pantomime or burlesque, than in a sober play. In the end Eustace turns out as undaunted and heroic as Charles himself, and a favourable termination is brought about by this means. Shakspeare manages these things better.

The plot is as clear and simple as plot can be. Charles, the elder Brother (Mr. Anderson) is a student entirely devoted to his books, shut out from the world beyond his library. Eustace (Mr. W. Montague,) is a gay courtier, addicted to pleasure, and devoted solely to himself. Lord Lewis (Mr. Diddie) has an only daughter, Angellina, (Miss Vandenhoff) who will inherit all his wealth, and whom he is anxious to see married. Brisac, (Mr. W. Davidge) the father of Charles and Eustace, is a wealthy gentleman, who wishes to gain Angellina for one of his sons. But as Charles will hear of his books only, and as Lord Lewis will not marry his daughter excepting to the heir, Brisac wishes Charles to resign his birthright in favor of his brother. Charles consents, and is about to sign, when he beholds Angellina and falls in love. Love opens his eyes, shows him the value of money and life; so he flings aside his books and determines to keep his birthright. His father is indignant at the turn affairs have taken, and the lady's father is still more indignant at the fancied insult put upon him; but Angellina falls in love with Charles, almost as soon as Charles falls in love with her, and defying her father and the future, flies with him. The *denouement* is lamely brought about, and the incidents of Brisac's apprehension, at Lord Lewis's instigation, is not very pertinent to the story. Of course all are reconciled in the end, and Charles marries Angellina.

The acting was in general good. Mr. Anderson had a part that suited him exactly in Charles. The gravity of the scholar was well put on, and contrasted capitally with the subsequent passion of the lover. The scene where Charles is set upon by Eustace and the two Courtiers with drawn swords, and depriving Eustace of his weapon by a stroke of *finesse*, becomes the aggressor in his turn, was admirably acted by Mr. Anderson. This scene, however, would go infinitely better if curtailed of half its length. The business of the Courtiers retiring before the sword of Charles and manufacturing Pantaloon's

tricks in a corner of the stage, was repeated *ad nauseam*. This made the judicious grieve. In Fletcher's day, no doubt, this sort of buffoonery had its admirers, but nevertheless we do not find it in Shakspeare.

Miramont, the uncle of Charles and Eustace, a blunt, choleric old gentlemen, who loves learning without knowing anything about it, is a well-drawn character, and was acted with much spirit by Mr. Emery. Miss Vandenhoff made a very interesting Angellina, and the rest of the parts were tolerably supported.

The dresses were new, and the scenery appropriate.

A call was made for Mr. Anderson at the fall of the curtain, when he appeared, accompanied by Miss Vandenhoff and Mr. Emery.

HAYMARKET.

A **FARCE**, which seems to bear traces of French origin, but the scene of which is placed in England during some period of the Jacobite panic, was produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Three Cuckoos*. It is completely a piece of equivocation, and not of the newest kind. Captain Dudley (Mr. Howe) pays a clandestine visit to a young lady named Alice (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), and being concealed in her room by her servant, Dolly Marygold (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), is locked up by her father, Colonel Cranky (Mr. Tilbury). Effecting his escape by a leap from the window, he endeavours to save the reputation of his mistress by pretending that Dolly's sweetheart, Perkyn Postlethwaite (Mr. Buckstone), who has been waiting outside the house, is the actual leaper. In the scenes which ensue, Dudley attempts to pass himself off for Postlethwaite, and Postlethwaite, by way of reprisal, assumes the character of Dudley. Some amusing situations arise, but, on the whole, the piece lacks point, and in spite of the goodness of the acting, the verdict of the audience was but equivocal.

STRAND.

A **VERY** amusing and smartly written farce, called *Out on the Loose*, has been produced during this week with undoubted success. It is the joint composition of Messrs. Maurice and Benjamin Barnett.

The plot is that of a "fast man," Mr. Clapperton Chisel (Mr. H. Farren) who is married to a lady named Parry (Mrs. Leigh Murray). Mr. Chisel, disdaining the bondage of Hymen, becomes a thorough go-a-head fast man on town; frequents saloons, walthallas, casinos, &c.; drinks, smokes, encourages a monstache, and wears Joinville ties; ogles young ladies, and keeps a Derby book, gets bills discounted, and, in short, accomplishes or simulates everything which could initiate him in this school of "fastdom." Sundry of Mr. Clapperton Chisel's bills falling into the hands of his uncle, Mr. Capias (Mr. Turner), a member of the legal confraternity, the "fast" man is hunted from place to place by that gentleman and his emissaries, and takes refuge in a strange house, where to his astonishment he finds his wife, and, as he thinks, in a dubious position with a certain Mr. Calico (Mr. Haden), whom he finds with her. Suddenly Capias arrives, but never having seen his nephew, does not know him. The "fast" man discovers that the house belongs to his uncle, and passes himself as an admirer of his own wife. This scene is capitally managed and written, and produced roars of laughter. In the end the "fast" man becomes acquainted with an intrigue of his uncle, and on the promise of secrecy has his peace made, and all his bills restored.

The farce was admirably acted, and will, no doubt, become a stock piece of the establishment.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday last Mademoiselle Charton took her benefit at this theatre. The house was well filled, her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert being present. Few artistes have obtained such universal and unanimous favour in England as Mademoiselle Charton has done, during the two seasons of her engagement at the French theatre, and we will add that none have better deserved their popularity. Both this year and last she has been the main-stay of the Opera Comique; night after night she has been called upon to perform her arduous duties, and she has never been found wanting; no plea of indisposition, which in theatrical parlance is not unfrequently another word for caprice, indolence, or indifference, has ever disappointed or trifled with public expectation. This is as it should be, and is equally to the credit of the fair *cantatrice* and the manager. If we add to this, honesty of purpose in the fulfilment of her engagements, and talents of a high order, both as an actress and a vocalist, we shall have discovered the secret of Mdlle. Charton's favour with the English public, and thus account for the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of her benefit, and the distinguished patronage of the sovereign, and the *élite* of the aristocracy.

On this occasion *Le Maçon*, one of Auber's earliest operas, was produced for the first time in England. The book is by Messrs. Scribe and Delavigne; and the groundwork of the story, although of itself scarcely probable, affords much amusement, and is highly interesting. The dialogue is good, and is enlivened by a fair sprinkling of smart allusions and epigrammatic touches peculiar to the modern French schools, not remarkable for any great degree of profundity, not able to bear very close inspection, and not unfrequently more impertinent than true. They, however, excite a passing smile, and have been judiciously styled "*la petite monnaie de l'esprit*." We are introduced to a wedding feast on the occasion of the marriage of Roger, the *Maçon* (M. Lac) with Henriette (Mdlle. Guichard); in the midst of the rejoicings Roger and Baptiste, a locksmith, (M. Chateaufort) are carried off by Usbeck and Rica (MM. Nathan and Devaux), two Turkish slaves in the service of Abdallah, the Turkish ambassador, who has need of their services to punish the infidelity of his Greek slave, Irma (Mdlle. Charton), and her lover, Leon de Merinville (M. Killy Leroy). Taken in the very act of attempting to escape, the two lovers are destined to be immured alive in a grotto and left to die of hunger. The mason and locksmith are employed, the former to brick up the door of the grotto, and the latter to rivet the chains of the unfortunate victims; but, their work done, the two workmen return to Paris, and immediately take measures to effect the liberation of the prisoners, which is eventually done by arousing the mob and laying siege to the ambassador's residence. The two lovers are brought away in triumph; Roger explains everything to his wife, and Baptiste has a respite from the trembling fit into which he has been thrown by the preceding events. We are not aware at what period all these circumstances are supposed to take place, but, judging from the costumes, we should say that the fullest latitude is given to the imagination, and you have only to fix your own epoch. The dresses of the women are a mixture of Louis fifteenth and sixteenth, those of the men come down to the Consulate and the Empire. M. Lac might have been mistaken for an *Incrovable* of the time of the Directory, whilst M. Killy Leroy's dress reminded us of the *Mousquetaires de la Reine*. We must also bear in mind the enormity of the deed attempted

by the representative of the Sublime Porte, to which we know of no parallel, except in the murder committed by the ex-Queen Christina of Sweden, who abandoned a crown to enjoy the sweets of literary repose at Rome.

Auber's music is pleasing and pretty; it is not so elaborately finished as some of his later compositions, but there is a continuous and delightful vein of melody throughout. The orchestral treatment is highly judicious and effective, and is full of freshness and originality. Since the production of this opera, Auber has taken a higher flight, and by the composition of the *Muette* and *Gustave* conquered a position in the first rank of our modern composers; but the *Maçon* will ever stand its ground as a pleasing specimen of the composer's first style, and possessing sufficient merit of itself to command our warmest and unqualified approbation. The principal melodies are a most charming and simple air, "Je suis en ta puissance," sung with much tenderness and expression by Mdle. Charton, followed by a most pleasing romance, "Si tu savais combien il m'aime," delivered with exquisite taste; the duo between Messrs. Lac and Chateaufort, "Travailleurs, travailleurs," which created much laughter, and is a masterpiece of dramatic expression; and the duo between the two women, Mesdames Guichard and Mancini, "Peut on vous demander ma voisine?" which was highly effective, owing to the acting of Mdle. Guichard, who was excellent throughout the opera, and cannot be surpassed in her own line. The duo between Mdle. Charton and M. Leroy, appeared to us worthy of mention; the lady acquitted herself of her part as she always does, but the gentleman pleased us by his discretion, for we could not hear a note of his in the *ensemble*. A second hearing, will, perhaps, make him more perfect. The acting was good. Madlle. Charton, who had but little to do, did that little so well as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause. Madlle. Guichard proved herself an excellent actress in every respect; and Madame Mancini was good in the small part of Madame Bertrand. M. Chateaufort created quite a sensation; his exhibition of cowardice was admirably ludicrous, and his trembling fits threw the house into convulsions. In the scene in which he produces the broken sword found by him in the pavilion of the garden, he quite took the house by storm, and was rewarded by a round of unanimous applause on his exit. M. Lac took much pains with his part; his acting was energetic and full of earnestness. M. Killy Leroy was very imperfect and tame to a fault.

The operetta entitled *L'Esclave de Camiens* having been produced at the Olympic, and duly noticed in this paper, we shall not enter into any description of the plot further than testifying to its simplicity and interest. The poem is by M. St. Georges, and the music nominally by a Dutch composer, M. Van der Does, but in reality by no less a personage than the King of Holland, well known as a liberal patron of music and a highly distinguished virtuoso himself. To whomsoever the honour be attributed, the music is pretty and pleasing, and displays a good knowledge of scoring and a certain degree of freshness and originality. The part of Griselda was ably interpreted by Madlle. Charton, and the melodies neatly and feelingly sung, pleased us much from their extreme simplicity. The part of the poet Camoëns was undertaken by M. Henry Drayton, a gentleman from America, who has already been heard at the London Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall, and at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts. M. Drayton was very nervous, but his acting was dignified and natural, and time will improve his naturally-good voice, which is a low baritone; and, considering that this was his

first appearance, he got through the music with much credit to himself. His accent is decidedly good for an Englishman or American, but over anxiety betrays him more frequently than would happen if he were occasionally to forget his country and leave his pronunciation to take care of itself. He was well received by the audience, and warmly encouraged. M. Lac was the King of Portugal, and both sang and acted with feeling and energy.

Madlle. Charton was recalled twice during the evening, and literally covered with bouquets and wreaths.

J. DE C—.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nancy, March 12.

AFTER a twelve hours' jolt in the *coupé* of a *diligence*, which to one like myself, accustomed to the velocity of rail-roads, seemed as many days, I arrived here on Sunday. Nancy has been called a *plus belle ville de France*; and with reason, if the attractions of a town be derived from the architectural beauty of the buildings. Bordeaux and Nantes are both far behind it, and in this respect, Nancy, moreover, possesses charms which, even in these days, when every facility is given to travelling, one does not often meet; it is the least *anglicised* town in France. There are no waiters gabbling in broken vernacular, no hungry commissioners awaiting the traveller to drag him *à rebrousse-poil*, before he has stretched his legs in the *auberge*, into the old churches and new arsenals, which perhaps he may not be disposed to see at all. The place, with its statue of Stanislas and its four gates and fountains, are nevertheless, really worthy inspection, and the Theatre (I am coming to the point) in the corner is one of the most beautiful for its size I ever saw. The orchestra is excellent, and possesses a most able conductor in M. Moulin. It numbers thirty-two performers in all—good musicians and correct executants—a miniature edition of the Royal Italian Opera band.

If I see or hear anything, *en voyage*, worthy of notice in the most remote and deserted town of Italy, or in the more opulent and crowded city of France, it gives me pleasure to publish my impressions in England, where every artist must hope to arrive after having passed the critical ordeal of the Opera Comique at Paris. It is pleasant, too, to discover, as it were, talent expanding like the bud of spring before the genial rays of the summer sun.

The *affiche du jour* stated that Auber's *L'Ambasadrice*, with a vaudeville, were to be the evening's entertainment; so that it was natural to one accustomed to the fascinating Madlle. Charton to enter the theatre with doubt and misgiving. These, however, speedily vanished on the *entrée* of Madame Huré-Ronau, who played Henriette. She is quite young—not yet twenty-two; her voice is a soprano, of sweet quality and unusual flexibility; added to which she has an expressive face, and is an accomplished actress, perfectly lady-like and natural, without the slightest exaggeration of manner. Her *tournure* is symmetrical, and she was *parfaitement bien mise*, even for a Frenchwoman. I learn that she is engaged here (at a very high salary for a provincial town) for a year; but I have little doubt, before that time expires, she will be snatched up by the Opera Comique, and then, perchance, wafted to Mr. Mitchell's *bijou* of a theatre, in St. James's. The husband of Madame Huré is the first bass, and, I am told, possesses considerable talent; but I have not yet heard him. With the exception of Madlle. Lemesle, who played the aunt of Henriette with much humour, the rest of the *troupe* is not remarkable. The principal tenor in the midst of his first air, pleaded "*un gros rhume*," as an apology for an incompetence, so that the opera was not by any means played to advantage. The *mise en scène* was as good as could be expected; and as I before stated, the orchestral department was all that could be desired. On Thursday, a new tenor, M. Léon, makes his first appearance, and, no doubt, the pretty Huré (*houré*) will be in the same opera.

Yours,

T. E. B.

(From a Correspondent.)

St. Omer, 12th March.

MADAME MONTENEGRO, with Santiago, Madame Santiago, Montelli, Baillini, &c., made their first appearance here on Sunday in Rossini's *Barbiere*. Old reminiscences would have ensured them a warm reception, but the impression this talented *troupe* left behind them last year, created an impression not easily effaced. The house was crowded in every part. Madame Montenegro's Rosina is one of her best characters. Her singing lesson and scenes with Bartolo, (uncommonly well acted and sung by Baillini), were capital. Santiago was much applauded as the Count and sang exceedingly well. The best of all the parts I have seen Montelli act is Figaro. He sings the music with great spirit, and in some of the scenes is really comic. Madame Santiago did the old woman, a part which, though small, requires a clever artiste, if only to do justice to the delicious scene in the third act.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIMS REEVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you inform me in what Italian operas Sims Reeves has ever appeared?

The only ones I have heard of his performing in are the *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, and *Linda di Chamouni*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. D.

Athenæum Club, March 11, 1850.

[We believe that Mr. Reeves has appeared in many other operas in Italy.—Ed. M. W.]

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As the first patroniser of your paper, and which I very much admire, I venture to contradict a very erroneous statement you have made in your Saturday's journal relative to Miss Julia St. George. You say she made her *début* at the Lyceum in the *Island of Jewels*, and is almost a perfect stranger. You must have been greatly misinformed about this young lady. She came from Sadler's Wells to the Lyceum, and from the Olympic to the above theatre, where she played three seasons. Last summer she sang at Vauxhall. She has been three seasons at the Queen's in Dublin, thrice in Edinburgh, and has played at all the country theatres; she has been eight years on the boards.

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As the Royal Italian Opera season is about to commence, I am induced to trouble you with a few lines respecting what has been found by myself and several other frequenters of that establishment, to be a great inconvenience during past seasons. I allude to the present uncomfortable state of the pit entrance, which is not sheltered, even by an awning, from the rude blasts of old Father Eolus, or the watery salutations of the god or goddess of rain, (whoever he or she may be.) But, to speak seriously, this same pit entrance is a great nuisance, especially for lady opera goers, who, on the occasion of any unusually attractive performance, when the doors are besieged at an early hour, are compelled to stand, in evening costume, "sans bonnet, sans thick shoes, sans everything," exposed to the disagreeables in the weather, which our changeable climate frequently presents, or, which is perhaps worse, to the company, and sometimes not very polished remarks and observations of the "mobocracy," who are in the habit of congregating about the entrance, without even the salutary fear of a policeman before their eyes. Surely, at least an awning might be erected; but I am at a loss to understand why the outer door should not be opened at an earlier hour, which would at once remedy the inconvenience.

Apologising for intruding on your valuable space, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,
London, 13th March, 1850.

H. N.

HOTEL EXTORTIONS IN PARIS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—From having seen in all the principal cafés in Paris your valuable journal, it has struck me that if you judge this letter fitting a place in your columns, the statement it contains might benefit other English travellers.

It being necessary for myself and my friend to leave Paris by the early train for Lyons, we thought it advisable to take up our quarters as near the station as possible, and accordingly chose for our night's lodging the "Hotel du Nord," situated close to the terminus of the Northern Railroad. Having been clearly told that the amount we should have to pay in the morning included the remuneration to the servants, candle, &c.—in short, all expenses—we were surprised, when leaving the house the next morning, by the demand of a franc from each of us, for two inches of candle, and the same amount for attendance. Remonstrance was vain, the station bell was ringing, we paid the money, and left. The sleeping rooms were very bad; our slumbers were destroyed by damp sheets, hard beds, and the attack of a monosyllabic insect, whose inelegant name must not intrude on your euphonious pages.

Should this meet the eye of any who may be in the same situation that we were, I hope they will profit by our experience.

I remain, Sir,

MOORE'S PLAGIRISMS.

Plagiarism the Thirty-eighth.

Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,
Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are divine.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Laws of Candy*, act iii.

Erola. Nay, but hear me.

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

MASSINGER.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act i., scene ii.

There's no syllable

You speak, but is to me an oracle,

Which but to doubt were impious.

MASSINGER.—*The Guardian*, act iii., scene iii.

I am lost in this assurance,

Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in
As in an oracle.

Plagiarism the Thirty-ninth.

As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

Even poor Mother Goose does not escape this rogue:—

DAME GOOSE'S PROVERBS.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Better a living soldier than a buried general.

No bad pay, three thousand guineas, for such work as this.

Plagiarism the Fortieth.

Where now to Love art now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hangst as even
As doth Melina's tomb twist hell and heaven.

This is just what Dryden said of the Trimmers of the past age. They were sensible dogs:—

We Trimmer's are for holding all things even.

Yes, just like him that hung twist hell and heaven.

Plagiarism the Forty-first.

Thou'lt fly? As easily may reptiles run,
The gaunt snake once hath fixed his eyes upon.

BYRON.—*Giaour*.

A spirit yet unquell'd and high

That claims and keeps ascendancy,

And like the bird whose pinions quake,

But cannot fly the gozing snake,

With others quail beneath his look,

Nor scape the glance they scarce can brook.

Plagiarism the Forty-second.

FADLADEEN, who could never wake up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Sheik or a Looni.

In the course of this encomium, the judicious reader must have observed that I have introduced, in several places, plagiarisms, which, if examined by themselves, and without reference to the whole number, of which they form units, would be but of little worth, and perhaps only slightly serve to demonstrate my theory. Examined, however, in conjunction with those of a more glaring and obvious kind, they serve to prove that even the slightest allusions of preceding writers have been caught up by our author, and servilely transcribed into his hodge-podge. And as those fine-strokes of art which give to pictures their most perfect finish and beauty are often imperceptible to an unpractised eye, so these plagiarisms to which I now allude may seem to many irrelevant and far-fetched. Perhaps they will be seized on by uncandid commentators on this trifle, as proof of the weakness of the whole. But for this I care little. My whole object is to show, in as many places as I can, the utter lack of originality of Mr. Moore. And *minutiae* like the following do so as effectually as imitations far more striking at first sight.

SOUTHEY.—*Thalaba, the Destroyer*, note to Book xi.

To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether *Sheik* or *Looni*, be the height of human impiety.

Plagiarism the Forty-third.

*The sly stealing splendours almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid.*

A favourite Eastern comparison:—

SIR W. JONES.—*Poes. Asiatic. Com.* vol. ii., p. 414.
Obtutus oculorum puellæ sagacis tanquam ensis strictus.

Ibid. p. 416.

Et acutum aspectus ensem.

CARLYLE.—*Specimens of Arabic Poetry*, p. 107.

Sure HARUT's potent spells were breath'd
Upon that magic sword, thine eye,
For if it wounds us thus while sheath'd,
When drawn 'tis vain its edge to fly.

NOTT's *Hafez*, Ode iv., p. 31.

Giul, the girl whose sword-like eye
Bids the understanding die.

The simile has been used by our early demigods of English song:—

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Rape of Lucrece*.
Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Shin'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dead of night;
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light.

BISHOP HALL's *Satires*.

Her lids, like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides
The weapons that do wound the wanton-ey'd.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL UNION.—The new members of the Musical Union for 1860 are upwards of seventy, and the seceders, chiefly from illness and going abroad, are under twenty! This prosperity of the Institution is the just reward of a liberal and judicious management. Kate Loder plays at the first meeting on Tuesday, a compliment to her talents she has reason to be proud of, since Mr. Ella is not swayed by interest or private feelings in selecting artists for his Union. Ernst and Sterndale Bennett play at the second meeting, and Stephen Heller and Hallé during the season.

NEW VOCAL STARS.—It is stated from Palermo that Mademoiselle Anna Falconi, well known in Parisian musical circles under

the name of Nanny Bockholtz, is creating quite a sensation in *Beatrice di Tenda*. A young basso, named Sebastian Ronconi, has also made a successful *débüt* in *Maria di Rohan*.

LOUIS SPOHR has quite recovered from the effects of the accident he lately met with on the ice at Cassel; he is now enabled to follow his usual avocations.

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON has lately been giving some *soirées*, at which several of his vocal pupils have assisted, giving promise of future excellence.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have laid Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr under contribution for matter for their next performance (on Friday, 22nd instant). The *Imperial Mass* of the first, the *Lauda Sion* of the second, and the *Last Judgment* of the last of these composers are the works selected, neither of them having been performed since the accession of Mr. Costa to the conductorship of the Society.

SIGNOR RONCONI's second *soirée musicale* was given on Wednesday at the Beethoven Rooms, as before. The programme was of the most popular kind, and was varied popularly. Bellini, Donizetti, Balfe, Verdi, Jewson, Meyerbeer, Gabussi, and Ronconi, were in the ascendant. It must not be forgotten, however that Mozart appeared once, and Mendelssohn ditto. So that, at all events, there was a dash of the classics in the concert. Signor Ronconi was assisted on the present occasion by some new hands and some old hands. We observed Miss Durlacher, Balfe's fair pupil, Miss Leslie, Miss Rooke, Mademoiselle de Vinci, Miss St. Marc, and Miss Noble, together with the Messrs. Hallen, Toulmin, H. Mapleson, Signori F. Ronconi, and F. Lablache—two *l's* (*ff*), which proved the entertainment was doubly strong. Mr. F. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, played two pieces with excellent effect. Of the vocal performances we need not speak; they were far above average merit. Signori Bellini and F. Ronconi conducted.

MADAME SONTAG.—Adolphe Adam, in a recent *feuilleton*, appears to have been much astonished at the ever-green qualities of Madame Sontag, and has put forth a theory of his own. He says that the personage who is now delighting the Paris public is not the Madame Sontag of former days, but Madame Sontag's daughter. Madame Sontag, who married young, had a daughter, not only the image of her mother, but the heiress to her talent. The daughter, finding that money matters were not going on well with the family, declared that she would re-establish the fortunes of her parents, by going upon the stage. Mr. Lumley, after hearing her, agreed that she had all the qualities of her celebrated mother, with the exception of the *prestige*. It was then settled, for the consideration of a certain number of English guineas, that the daughter should appear, not as the daughter of Madame, but as the *cantatrice* herself. London was fairly caught by the trick, and Paris is at the present moment carried away with the same deception. M. Adam admits that his idea of the matter is liable to cavil, but cannot arrive at any better solution of the fact that the Sontag of five-and-twenty years ago should now re-appear as young and as fresh as when she last played the part of *Rosina* at the Italian Opera, in the time of *Charles X.* The question is one of too delicate a nature to discuss, and no one has yet attempted to upset M. Adam's theory.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—The concert on behalf of Mrs. Elizabeth George, whose desertion by Mr. F. N. Crouch, we have already noticed in the *Musical World*, took place last evening in the above *locale*. There was a full attendance; and we trust Mrs. George has realised something handsome by the proceeds. The programme was attractive, and contained the names of some of our first native artists, all of whom tendered their services gratuitously. Among others, we may mention Miss Kate Loder, Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Miss Ransford, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Richardson (flute), Mr. Chattetron (harp), Messrs. Cooper and Patey (violin), &c., &c. Messrs. John Roe, and Rockstro, conducted.

JENNY LIND AT BRUNSWICK.—The celebrated songstress had nigh been the cause of a serious *émeute* the night before last at Brunswick, where she had given a concert. On returning to her hotel a large concourse assembled to cheer her, and to hear a serenade, which was proposed to be given her by the band of the Hussars and choral societies. Some accident having delayed the arrival of the serenaders, the mob became impatient, and filled the

air with very unharmonious vociferations; whilst others, thinking they had been deceived, and kept out of their beds for nothing, made show of attacking the hotel, and breaking the blinds and windows. A party of Hussar officers being inside, however, drew their swords, and declared they would use them should the slightest aggression be made. This, it appears, frightened some, but exasperated others; and might perhaps have led to very disagreeable consequences had not the troops been called out, who, with some difficulty, cleared the streets. At length harmony was restored by the arrival of the bands, and by the blonde Jenny appearing at the balcony. Jeany Lind has since arrived at Berlin, where she will sing at some concerts.

MEYERBEER.—The committee of the Concordia Musical Society, at Vienna, have presented a silver medal to M. Meyerbeer, one side of which bears the likeness of the composer.

DREYSCHOCK.—This celebrated pianist will arrive in London early in April, and intends giving a series of concerts.

THE DISTINS IN LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Distin and his three sons appeared at the Concert Hall on Saturday evening, being assisted in their entertainment by Miss Moriatt O'Connor, a young lady of promise, and Mr. Willy, jun., who gave the accompaniments on the pianoforte. The attendance has not been so good for some time past, the hall being crowded in every part. Costa's terzetto a canon, "Vanne à Colei," by the brothers Distin, was beautifully executed. The fantasia on airs from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* by Messrs. Distin, on the sax-horns, was very effectively given, and was fully appreciated by the audience. The "Echo Hunting Duet" was also given with much effect, and was repeated at the express desire of the company. Miss O'Connor, who possesses a sweet voice, but wants power and confidence, was very successful in the ballad "Kate O'Shane," and, on the piece being encored, substituted the "Irish Emigrant," which she sung with much pathos. Mr. Willy, jun.'s, solo on the pianoforte in the second part was very well executed. —*Liverpool Albion.*

MADAME SONTAG.—A French journal says—"Two leaders of fashion, at Paris, the Princess Demidoff and the Princess Lieven, have refused to allow Madame Sontag to be presented at their receptions, on the ground, that though she is the wife of Count Rossi, and has been an ambassadress, she is now a public performer on the stage." We believe there are no grounds for this report.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W.—We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent. News is always welcome.

A CONSTANT READER had better make his complaints and his jokes to his bookseller, who perhaps may listen to the one and laugh at the other, with better relish than ourselves.

E. L. (Cheltenham).—We do not print music, or should be happy to oblige our correspondent gratis. The song shall be noticed shortly.

P. E. (Polka).—A little patience. We are overrun with pruning matter. Better late than never, especially when late is sooner than ordinary.

J. H. N. (Liverpool).—We have spoken to Mr. M. and our correspondent will find "all right" when the time comes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, March 20th, will be held the Fifth Concert of the Spring Series.

VOCAL PERFORMERS:—Miss Lucombe, Miss R. Isaacs, Miss Lanza, and Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON; Mr. H. Drayton, Mr. Land, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. —Grand Pianoforte, Miss Woolf; Solo Flute, Mr. Richardson; Solo Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. JOSEPH STAMMERS, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

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AN ORATORIO,

By WILLIAM G. LOVER.

(Author of "JERUSALEM.")

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MUSICAL UNION.

FIRST MATINEE, Tuesday, March 19th, at Half-past Three o'clock, WILLIS'S ROOMS. Quintet in E flat minor; Quartet in D, No. 7.—Mozart; Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14.—Mendelssohn; Septet, E flat, Op. 20.—Beethoven. Executants—Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, Howell, Lazarus, Jarrett, and Baumann. Pianoforte—Miss Kate Loder. Members' Tickets have been sent to their respective residences; and to prevent delay at the concert rooms it is requested that the subscription be paid to the treasurers, Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street. J. ELLA, Director.

The Record of 1849, and complete sets, may be had on application to the Director; gratis to members and musical libraries.

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BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to their permanent residence, No. 69, UPPER NORTON STREET, Portland Place, where they continue to give Instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of Singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now forming.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



The First Appearance of Mr. SIMS REEVES.

THE Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that an EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY next, March 21st, 1850, (it being the last night but one before Easter,) on which occasion Mr. SIMS REEVES will make his first appearance in VERDI's Opera,

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Ernani	Mr. SIMS REEVES.
				(his First Appearance.)
Ruy Gomez	SIGNOR BELLETTI.
Carlo V.	SIGNOR LORENZO.
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The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that in case they should be desirous to attend this Extra Performance, they will have the option of taking it in lieu of a Subscription Night.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office of the Theatre, where Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual, price 10s. 6d. each.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.

A GRAND CONCERT (Vocal and Instrumental) will take place at the above Rooms, on FRIDAY Evening, March 22nd, 1850, the proceeds of which are to be applied

For the Benefit of Elizabeth George,

the particulars of whose heartless desertion by CROUCH, the Composer, have fully appeared in the public prints, at which the following artists have kindly promised their assistance:—

Vocalists:—Miss Messent, Miss Ransford, Miss Bassano, Mrs. John Roe, Miss Enouy, Miss Leslie, Miss Macnamara, and Miss Pyne; Mr. Spörle, Mr. F. Bodda, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. Bing, and Mr. Ransford.
Instrumentalists:—Piano, Miss Kate Loder; Diatonic Flute, Mr. Richardson; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Violin, Mr. Patey; Concertino, Mr. G. Case.

Conductors—Mr. JOHN ROE, and Mr. ROCKSTRO.

The Concert to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.—Entrance in Castle Street, Oxford Street.

Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 3s. 6d.; to be had at the principal music shops; Mr. John Roe, 52, Stanhope Street, Regent's Park; and of Mr. William Chubb, Hon. Sec., 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

BERNHARD MOLIQUE'S Second Chamber Concert will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 20th March.

Programme:—Beethoven's Quartet, in E, Op. 59; Spohr's Quartet, in B, Op. 61; Bach's Adagio, Fugue, and Bourrée, for the Violin; Molique's Trio, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Op. 27; Molique's Three Melodies, 2nd Book, Violin and Pianoforte; Three German Songs, by Eckert, Lindblad, and Molique.

Performers:—Madame Schloss, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Alfred Mellon, Carrodus, Piatti, and Molique.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Family Tickets, to admit Three Persons, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Messrs. CRAMER and Co., Regent Street; EWER and Co., Newgate Street; and B. MOLIQUE, 9, Houghton Place, Amphil Square.

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THE Directors have the honour to announce that WEBER'S Grand Opera of

DER FREISCHÜTZ

having been honoured with the distinguished approbation of the Subscribers and the general commendation of the Musical Amateurs present at the representation on SATURDAY, it will be repeated on TUESDAY NEXT, March 19th, on THURSDAY, March 21st (an Extra Night), and on SATURDAY, March 23rd, being the

THREE LAST NIGHTS OF PERFORMANCE BEFORE EASTER,

Agata	-	-	-	Madame CASTELLAN,
Annetta	-	-	-	Mademoiselle VERA.
Giullo	-	-	-	Signor ENRICO MARALTI,
Chilliano	-	-	-	Monsieur MASSOL,
Cuno	-	-	-	Signor ROMMI,
Ugo	-	-	-	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Erenita	-	-	-	Signor GREGORIO,
Zamiel	-	-	-	Monsieur DOERING,
Gaspar	-	-	-	Herr FORMES.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, . Mr. COSTA.

Subscribers for the Season will have the option of paying their Subscriptions in advance (as heretofore), or by Monthly instalments.

The Terms may be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre (corner of Hart-street and Bow-street), which is open daily, from Eleven till Five o'Clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

EXTRA NIGHT.

NEXT THURSDAY, MARCH 21st.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, March 21st, will be repeated WEBER'S Grand Opera,

DER FREISCHUTZ

The Principal Characters by

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Tickets for Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be taken for the Night or Season, at the Box Office of the Theatre.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR Mr. COSTA.

NEXT FRIDAY, March, 22nd, Spohr's "LAST JUDGMENT," Mendelssohn's "LAUDA SION," and Haydn's THIRD SERVICE.

Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

Handel's "MESSIAH" will be performed on WEDNESDAY, March 27th; and Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH" shortly afterwards.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS in the following Towns:—Blackburn, 19th; Halifax, 20th; Huddersfield, 21st; Leeds, 22nd March.

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Pianist - - - - Mr. J. WILLY.

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